To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomacks are too young.
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face,
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doe spring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp,
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the traueller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes,
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eye,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our Learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therfore finding barren practizers,
Scarce shew a harueft of their heauie toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all Elements,

Courses as swift as thought in e
And giues to euery power a do
Aboue their functions and thei
It addes a precious seeing to th
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eag
A Louers eare will heare the lo
When the suspitious head of th
Loues feeling is more soft and
Then are the tender hornes of
Loues tongue proues dainty, *B*
For Valour, is not Loue a *Her*
Still climing trees in the *Hespo*
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as sweet and
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strun
And when Loue speakes, the v
Make heauen drowsie with th
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen
Vntill his Inke were tempred
O then his lines would rauish
And plant in Tyrants milde h
From womens eyes this doc
They sparkle still the right Pr
They are the Bookes, the Arts
That shew, containe, and nou
Else none at all in ought prou
Then fooles you were, these
Or keeping what is sworne, y
For wisdomes sake a word, th
Or for loues sake, a word tha
Or for Mens sake, the author
Or Womens sake, by whom
Let's once loose our oathes t
Or else we loose our selues, t
It is religion to be thus forsw
For Charitie it selfe fulfills th
And who can seuer Loue fro

King. Saint *Cupid* then, a

Ber. Aduance your stand

Pell, mell, downe with then

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO